Traffic Jam

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/37633750.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Phone Sex, Dom Will Graham, Sub Hannibal Lecter, Masturbation, Exhibitionism, Public Masturbation, Car Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2022-03-10 Words: 1,212 Chapters: 1/1

Traffic Jam

by sourweather

Summary

Will gets stuck in traffic on his way home, and decides to call Hannibal for some entertainment. It goes exactly how you'd expect.

Notes

If you like short fics like this, consider following me on Twitter at sourweather for my threads!

Will blows out a long breath, drumming restlessly on the steering wheel. Christ, he's bored. Pick up, pick up, pick-

"Hello, mylimasis."

He smiles to himself the second Hannibal's voice floats through the phone, leaning back in the driver's seat. "Hey darlin'."

"Is everything alright? You're usually home by now."

He groans. "Traffic jam. I've been sitting in place for the past five minutes."

Hannibal hums. "I'll keep dinner warm for you, then."

"What's cooking, good looking?"

"Pork Shank Soup, with mixed vegetables and bone marrow broth."

"You've substituted the pork, I'm assuming?"

He can hear how Hannibal smiles. "Naturally."

"Can't wait. I'm starving."

"Will, I do love hearing your voice, but is there a particular reason that you're calling?"

Will drags a hand down his face. "I'm bored. You've always been consistently entertaining."

"You'd like me to entertain you?" He echoes.

"Please."

It's a mistake. Will realizes it the minute the word leaves his mouth. That word has taken him plenty of places with Hannibal, and none of them were good.

"Very well," Hannibal purrs, and Will can hear movement on the other end of the line. His husband getting comfortable, most likely. "My day was uneventful, I'm afraid. My other patients simply can't compare."

Will chuckles. "Have I elevated your standards to unreachable heights, love?"

"My standards have always been unreachable. You're only guilty of distracting me from those beneath you."

"And how did I distract you, this time?"

"You haunt my thoughts," he confesses, his voice dropping low. Will's stomach stirs at the change. "I sat across from Miss Gardener, looking at her armchair. I remembered kneeling before that chair, during our last session. Your hands in my hair, mine braced on your thighs."

Will grits his teeth, his eyes slipping closed. "Hannibal..."

"I listened to her, griping about her failing marriage, and I had to place my notepad in my lap because I was imagining your cock in my mouth."

He stifles a moan. His cock twitches at the memory.

"I wanted nothing more than to have you standing over me again, guiding me to take you as deeply as I could. You praising me, dictating my pace."

Will bites his lip, rolling his hips into nothing.

"I would gladly warm your cock for as long as you like, Will. Until you were ready to come down my throat."

"God, Hannibal," He groans, his cock straining in his pants. "You're always so good for me."

"Touch yourself. Let me hear you."

Will sighs, palming himself. "I can't."

"Please?"

He lets out a breathy laugh. "Baby, it's bumper to bumper out here."

"So?"

"So, what if someone realizes what I'm doing? I wouldn't even be able to drive away."

"That excites you."

It isn't a question. Hannibal knows him far too well for Will to hide. He's hot just imagining it — falling apart in broad daylight, moaning like a whore while Hannibal speaks filth into his ear, his car caught in a limbo between public and private. His breath catches. He grinds against his palm again.

He glances to his left. A middle-aged woman wearing glasses. She's staring at her phone, probably scrolling on a social media app. To the right, two men. About college-aged. The music in their car is so loud that Will can feel the bass.

"You said you were bored, didn't you? I can think of no better way to entertain you."

Will swallows. Takes a deep breath. Reaches for his belt. "What happens after I fuck your throat?"

His husband's feline grin is already burned into his mind. It isn't hard to conjure. "What would you like?"

Will traps the phone between his cheek and his shoulder, quickly undoing his pants and pulling out his cock. He's already hard and aching from the thrill.

"I wouldn't come in your mouth, for starters. I'd keep you on your knees until your jaw ached and it hurt to speak, then I'd pull out and haul you to your feet by your tie."

"Mm, not finished with me, then."

He strokes his cock slowly, spreading the precome gathered at the tip. He lets out a shuddering sigh. "Nowhere near it. You started this, Hannibal. You're damn well going to see it through."

"I'd never dream of leaving you dissatisfied," he says, and it rings with all the innocence of a coyote claiming it would never dream of eating a baby bird. Still, Will presses onward.

"I'm going to bend you over," Will growls. "Shove your pants down, spread your legs, eat you out until you're /screaming/ for me to fuck you."

"Will..."

"Are you touching yourself, Han?"

"Would you like me to?"

He hisses, stroking himself with a tight fist. "Yes," he chokes. "Don't come."

Hannibal sighs, caught between pleased and wounded. "You want me desperate for you? Is that it?"

Will nearly snarls. "Yes, God yes."

"Tell me what you want, Will," he moans.

His back bows, curling in on himself, his hand working frantically. "I want you open and wet for me when I walk through that door."

"You'll have it."

His abdomen tenses, his thighs clench. "F-fuck— I want you begging."
"Will, please fuck me," Hannibal whines through the receiver. "I need your cock, Will, please."

"Oh, you're gonna get it, baby. I'm going to- /fuck/ - gonna fuck you into the mattress. Gonna use you like a god damned fleshlight, fuck, Han— you take it like you were made for it."

Hannibal's breathing is heavy in his ear, sharp and needy. "Yes, yes! Use me, Will. Let me scream for you, fuck me until I can't speak, please, Will-"

Yes, God he wants that. Hannibal always knows exactly how to drive him wild. He always sounds so good, rasping and croaking and whispering his gratitude. Nothing fills Will with more pride than seeing Hannibal nursing a mug of hot tea with honey, knowing that he fucked him until he lost his voice.

"Ohh, fuck, Han- I'm gonna come, baby. You sound so pretty for me. S-say my name."

"Will," Hannibal moans. "Let me hear you come, Will. Please?"

That breaks him. Will comes, a ragged groan of Hannibal's name on his lips. He gasps for air, his release coating his hand. When he begins to return to himself, he's met with one of the most beautiful sounds he's ever heard. Hannibal Lecter-Graham, mewling into his ear like a bitch in heat. He's close, Will can tell.

"Hannibal," he warns, and Hannibal keens into the phone.

"I'll be waiting for you, love. I promise."

Will smiles lazily. "So patient for me. Good boy."

Hannibal sighs sweetly at that, panting for breath as he eases back from the edge of his orgasm. "I do hope you won't make me wait long, though."

A car horn sounds, then, and Will chokes. He looks up, and realizes that the honking was from the car behind him. Traffic is moving again, he's the only one still stalled.

"Fuck," he hisses, reaching to grab a fistful of paper napkins from his center console. He starts driving again, one hand on the wheel while the cleans the come from his softening cock. "Hey, I've got to go, okay? Be good, I'll be home soon. Love you."

"I love you too, Will."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!